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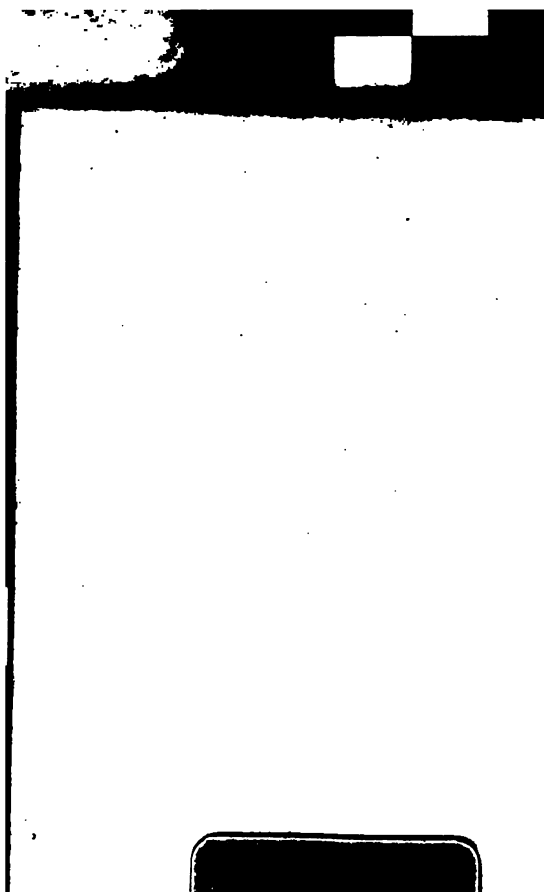
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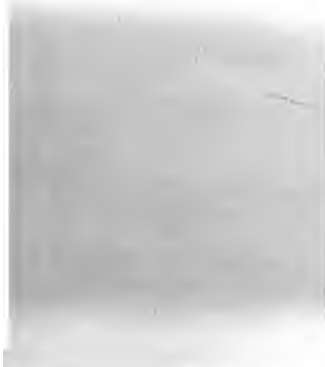
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207.







H Y M N S

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FOR

The Tunes

IN

THE HALLELUJAH, PART III.

IN 78 VARIETIES OF METRE.

SELECTED BY THE

REV. J. J. WAITE.



LONDON :

JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1858.

147. d. 207.



PART 3.

ought,  
me.

ON. S.M.

ep;  
dry?

S.M.

es,  
ght,



THIS Selection of Hymns I ded  
It illustrates 78 Metrical varieties  
while the Hallelujah, Part 3, illustr  
dent varieties of Musical verse.  
Tunes together will furnish interes  
materials for study, and I recomm  
members of my classes to employ th  
in committing them to memory. I  
season of youth lay up in memory th  
musical treasures, will possess source  
and a power for doing good, which in  
be of great value to themselves and o  
hope that these Hymns will minister t  
ion and pleasures at home and in the s  
at you will acquire the power of singi  
telligence and devotion,

**I am,**

# H Y M N S.

---

TUNE 197

ALMELEY.

S.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,  
That we should be unknown;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear,  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure—  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.

RAISE your triumphant songs,  
To an immortal tune,  
The wide earth resound the deed  
Celestial grace has done.

Sing how eternal love  
Its chief beloved chose,  
And bid Him raise our wretched ra  
From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes His brow;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

— — — throne.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 6 Lord, we obey Thy call ;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation Thou has brought,  
And love and praise Thy name.

TUNE 199 HUNTINGDON. S.M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep ;  
And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears !  
Angels with wonder see !  
Be thou astonished, O my soul !  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;  
Each sin demands a tear ;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

TUNE 200 ST. IVES. S.M.

- 1 HOW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with His reviving light,  
Over our souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of Heaven ;

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

But in His righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways,  
His hands infected nature cure,  
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain ;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the accursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways,  
To bring us near to God :  
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,  
And Thine atoning blood.

## TUNE 201 KENCHESTER. S.M.

1 **M**AKER and Sovereign Lord  
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,  
Thy providence confirms Thy word,  
And answers Thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold  
By David are fulfilled,  
When Jews and Gentiles joined to slay  
Jesus, Thy Holy Child.

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,  
And Jews, with one accord,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Bend all their counsels to destroy  
The Anointed of the Lord ?

- 4 Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design ;  
Against the Lord their powers unite,  
Against His Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,  
And will support His throne :  
He that hath raised Him from the dead  
Hath owned Him for His Son.
- 6 Now He's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth ;  
The merit of His blood He pleads,  
And pleads His heavenly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows  
A large inheritance ;  
Far as the world's remotest ends  
His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel  
Must feel His iron rod ;  
He'll vindicate those honours well  
Which He received from God.
- 9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
And worship at His throne ;  
With trembling joy, ye people, bow  
To God's exalted Son.

TUNE 202 WOODHURST

1 MY Saviour and my King,  
Thy beauties are divine  
Thy lips with blessings overflow  
And every grace is Thine.  
Now make Thy glory known,  
Gird on Thy dreadful sword,  
And ride in majesty to spread  
The conquests of Thy word.  
Strike through Thy stubborn  
Or melt their hearts to obey;  
While justice, meekness, grace, and  
Attend Thy

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 6 Behold, at Thy right hand,  
The Gentile church is seen,  
Like a fair bride in rich attire,  
And princes guard the queen.
- 7 Fair bride, receive His love,  
Forget thy father's house ;  
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,  
And pay the Lord thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King,  
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;  
Thy children shall His honour sing  
In palaces of joy.

TUNE 203 ALDERLEY. C.M.

- 1 **B**LESSED be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be His abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead He raised His Son,  
And called Him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust ;  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all His followers must.



alk by faith as strangers here,  
Christ shall call us home.

## 04      ATHELSTAN.      C.M.

ARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes!  
he Saviour promised long!  
every heart prepare a throne,  
every voice a song.

in the Spirit, largely poured,  
arts His sacred fire;  
in and might, and zeal and love,  
holy breast inspire.

nes! the prisoners to release.

etc

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 5 He comes! the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure,  
And with the treasure of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring,  
With Thy beloved name.

TUNE **205** BELMONT. C.M.

- 1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ, [plains,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE **206** DINMORE. C.M.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,  
With new melodious songs ;  
Come, tender to Almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent His equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed  
With a revenging rod ;  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry ;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept Thine offered grace ;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE 207 DORMINGTON. C.M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes,  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night His name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heaven on which He sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 Tis He supports my mortal frame ;  
My tongue shall speak His praise ;  
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,  
And yet His wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm Thy power might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand ;  
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,  
But mercy held Thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be Thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light,  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE 208 GETHSEMANE. C.M.

1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine,  
And bathed in its own blood,  
While all exposed to wrath divine  
The glorious Sufferer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
*Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE 209 HOLMER. C.M.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations, underground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE **210**      KINGSLAND.      C.M.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
    Within the veil, and see  
    The saints above, how great their joys,  
    How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below  
    And wet their couch with tears;  
    They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
    With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came,  
    They, with united breath  
    Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
    Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They mark the footsteps that he trod,  
    His zeal inspired their breast;  
    And, following their incarnate God,  
    Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
    For His own pattern given,  
    While the long cloud of witnesses  
    Show the same path to heaven.

TUNE **211**      WOBURN ABBEY. C.M.D.

- 1 **D**READ Sovereign! let my evening song  
    *Like holy incense rise;*

- thy mercy stood prepared  
3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around,  
But Oh, how few returns of  
Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for Him  
To save my wretched soul  
How are my follies multiplied  
Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart  
To Thy dear cross I flee;  
And to Thy grace my soul resort  
To be renew'd by Thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with Thy blood



HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

Be glad my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave  
My soul for ever with the dead,  
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;  
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way  
Up to Thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;  
And full discoveries of Thy grace  
(Which we but tasted here below)  
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

TUNE 213 BOCKING. L.M.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled  
thoughts,  
To Thee, my God, I raised my cries ;  
If Thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.
- 2 But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense Thy pardons there,  
That sinners may approach Thy face,  
*And hope, and love, as well as fear.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long, and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before Thy gate ;  
When will my God His face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon Thy word,  
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain :  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is His love, and large His grace,  
Through the redemption of His Son :  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

TUNE 214 CLIFTON. L.M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue,  
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment ;  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go ; for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief and burden long had been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,  
Wilt take me to Thee, as I am :  
My sinful self to Thee I give ;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood  
And say, " Behold the way to God."

TUNE **215** ST. ETHELBERT. L.M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Father and His love,  
To whose celestial source we owe ;  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,  
From whose dear wounded body rolls,  
A precious stream of vital blood ;  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
*Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore;  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

TUNE 216 HADLEIGH. L.M.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretch'd  
From everlasting was the Word; [abroad,  
With God He was; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By His own power were all things made,  
By Him supported all things stand;  
He is the whole creation's head,  
And angels fly at His command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars;  
Thy generation, who can tell?  
Or count the number of Thy years?
- 4 But lo! He leaves those heavenly forms,  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That He may hold converse with worms,  
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son;  
How full of truth! how full of grace!  
When through His eyes the Godhead shone.

**G**REAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds  
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes His hands  
All heaven submits to His command  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power He vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust  
His worship and His fear shall last  
Till hours, and years, and time be past  
As rain on meadows newly mown,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 6 The saints shall flourish in His days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace like a river from His throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

TUNE 218 MELBOURNE. L.M.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in Thy word ;  
But in Thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will ;  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer ;  
The deserts Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here ;  
Then God the Judge shall own my name,  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

TUNE 219 SYDNEY. L.M.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;

- In precious blood and  
3 Here His whole name  
Nor wit can guess, nor  
Which of the letters bear  
The power, the wisdom,  
4 Here I behold His inmost  
Where grace and vengeance  
Piercing His Son with shame  
To make the purchased people  
5 O the sweet wonders of Thy  
Where God the Saviour loved  
Her noblest life my spirit  
From His dear wounds and  
6 I would for ever praise Thee

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father, and the Son.

- 2 Enlighten'd by Thine heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too!
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
Aid break the chains of reigning sin;  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,  
Thy cheering words awake our joys,  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

TUNE 221 VICTORIA. L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me  
through;  
Thine eye commands with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are o my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.



amazing knowledge, v  
What large extent! w  
My soul, with all the l  
Is in the boundless pro

5 "O may these thoughts  
Where'er I rove, where  
Nor let my weaker pass  
Consent to sin, for God

6 Could I so false, so faith  
To quit Thy service and  
Where, Lord, could I Th  
Or from Thy dreadful gl

7 If up to heaven I take my  
'Tis there Thou dwell'st  
Or dive to hell th

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

One glance of Thine, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.

- 10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there."
- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;  
Thy hand can seize Thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great God, they're both alike to Thee:  
Not death can hide what God will spy,  
And hell lies naked to His eye.
- 13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

TUNE **222** BRAINTREE. 4.4.6.4.4.6.

- 1 **W**HILE here I sit  
At Jesus' feet,  
Amid the vale of tears,  
I'll trust His grace,  
And sing His praise,  
*Nor yield to doubts and fears.*

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 2 And can it be  
That I shall see,  
My Saviour face to face ?  
For ever prove  
His boundless love,  
And endless anthems raise !
- 3 The thought shall still  
My musings fill,  
By cares and sorrows prest ;  
The blessed hope  
Shall lift me up,  
The hope of endless rest.
- 4 When God appears  
To wipe the tears,  
From every pilgrim's eye ;  
What tongue can tell  
The joys they'll feel,  
Throughout eternity.

TUNE 223 WITHAM. 4.4.6.4.4.6

- 1 REDEEMER Lord,  
In sweet accord  
Evangelists proclaim ;  
All saving health,  
*All lasting wealth,*  
*Through Thy* most righteous name.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 2 Thy kingdom pure,  
Which shall endure  
For evermore, begins  
In those who know  
How here below,  
To mortify their sins.
- 3 And they that will  
Thy word fulfil  
Still seeking holy bliss,  
Shall surely find  
Their heart and mind,  
Reformed from things amiss.
- 4 O Christ our King,  
Whose praise we sing,  
Vouchsafe that we may see  
Thy glorious face,  
In that blest place;  
Where saints shall reign with Thee.

TUNE 224 CHELMSFORD.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. Double.

- 1 O WHAT shall I do,  
My Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true,  
So plenteous in grace;  
So strong to deliver,  
So good to redeem

**HYMN FOR THE BIBLE**

- The weakest believer  
That hangs upon Him!
- 2 How happy the man  
Whose heart is set free,  
The people that can  
Be joyful in Thee!  
Their joy is to walk in  
The light of Thy face;  
And still they are talking  
Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight  
Shall be in Thy name,  
They shall as their right,  
Thy righteousness claim:  
Thy righteousness wearing,  
And cleansed by Thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in  
The presence of God.
- 4 For Thou art their boast,  
Their glory and power;  
And I also trust  
To see the glad hour,  
My soul's new creation,  
A life from the dead,  
The day of salvation  
That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord,  
*Is now my defence;*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

I trust in His word,  
None plucks me from thence ;  
Since I have found favour,  
He all things will do ;  
My King and my Saviour  
Shall make me anew.

- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see  
The bliss of Thine own ;  
Thy secret to me  
Shall soon be made known ;  
For sorrow and sadness  
I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness  
Of all that believe.

TUNE 225 CLEVEDON. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

- 1 **H**OW honour'd, how dear  
That sacred abode,  
Where Christians draw near  
Their Father and God !  
'Mid worldly commotion,  
My wearied soul faints,  
For the house of devotion  
The house of Thy saints.
- 2 The birds have their home,  
They fix on their nest ;

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

Wherever they roam  
They return to their rest ;  
From them fondly learning,  
My soul would take wing ;  
To Thee so returning,  
My God and my King.

- 3 O happy the choirs  
Who praise Thee above !  
What joy tunes their lyres !  
Their worship is love.

Yet safe in Thy keeping,  
And happy they be  
In this world of weeping,  
Whose strength is in Thee.

- 4 Though rugged their way,  
They drink as they go,  
Of springs that convey  
New life as they flow :  
The God they rely on,  
Their strength shall renew,  
Till each brought to Zion,  
His glory shall view.

- 5 Thou Hearer of prayer  
Still grant me a place  
Where Christians repair  
To the courts of Thy grace.  
More bless'd beyond measure  
*One day*, so employed,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- Than years of vain pleasure  
By wordlings enjoy'd.
- 6 Me more would it please  
Keeping post at Thy gate,  
Than lying at ease  
In chambers of state :  
The meanest condition  
Outshines with Thy smiles,  
The pomp of ambition  
The world with its wiles.
- 7 The Lord is a sun,  
The Lord is a shield,  
What grace has begun,  
With glory is seal'd.  
He hears the distressed  
He succours the just ;  
And they shall be blessed  
Who make Him their trust.

TUNE 226 CHELTENHAM.

5.5.5.5.5.5.5.

- 1 YE saints praise the Lord ;  
Exultingly sing,  
In joyful accord,  
To Jesus your King ;  
With minstrelsy sweet  
*His glory* proclaim,



And publish through earth,  
With holy delight,  
In strains of high mirth  
His wonderful might.

With far-pealing voice,  
Bid those who are bound,  
Come forth, and rejoice,  
For freedom is found;  
Full freedom for all  
Fast held by the chain,  
And merciless thrall  
Of Satan's fell reign.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 2 Jesus, thou'rt my joy,  
Therefore blest am I :  
O Thy mercy is unbounded,  
All my hope on Thee is ground'd ;  
Jesus, thou'rt my joy,  
Therefore blest am I.
- 3 When the Lord appears  
This my spirit cheers :  
When His love to me revealing,  
He, the Son of grace, with healing  
In His beams appears  
This my spirit cheers.
- 4 Then all grief is drown'd.  
Pure delight is found,  
Joy divine which never fadeth ;  
Which no sorrow e'er invadeth,  
Ev'ry grief is drown'd,  
Where such bliss is found.
- 5 Grace and truth divine,  
Which within me shine ;  
Christ in me the hope of glory,  
Nought to me this world's vain story,  
When within me shine  
Grace and truth divine.
- 6 Life beyond the grave,  
Which in Christ I have ;  
Far above all earthly treasure,  
*This doth yield me heavenly pleasure ;*

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

That in Christ I have  
Life beyond the grave.

TUNE 228 DARLINGTON.

5.5.12.5.5.12.

- 1 O JESUS my hope,  
For me offer'd up [vary's top ;  
Who with clamour pursued Thee to Cal-  
The blood Thou hast shed ;  
For me let it plead,  
And declare Thou hast died in Thy mur-  
derer's stead.
- 2 Come then from above.  
The stony remove, [Thy love ;  
And vanquish my heart with the sense of  
Thy love on the tree,  
Display unto me,  
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.
- 3 Nor passion, nor pride,  
Thy cross can abide, [Thy side ;  
But melt in the fountain that streams from  
Let Thy life-giving blood  
Remove all my load,  
And purge my foul conscience, and bring  
me to God.
- 4 Now, now let me know,  
*Its virtue below,*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than  
Let it hallow my heart, [snow ;  
And throughly convert [art.  
And make me, O Lord, in the world as Thou

- 5 Each moment applied,  
My weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and ever abide ;  
My advocate prove,  
With the Father above ; [love.  
And speak me at last to the throne of Thy

TUNE 229 DUDLEY. 5.6.5.12.5.6.5.12.

- 1 HOSANNAH to God  
In His highest abode ;  
All heaven be join'd [kind ;  
To extol the Redeemer and Friend of man-  
He claims all our praise,  
Who in infinite grace  
Again hath stooped down,  
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.
- 2 Our friend is restored  
To the joy of his Lord.  
With triumph departs, [hearts:  
But speaks by his death to our echoing  
"Follow after," he cries,  
As He mounts to the skies,  
"Follow after your friend, [end."  
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

3 Through Jesus's name,  
Our comrade o'ercame;  
And Jesus is ours,  
And arms us with all His invincible powers:  
He looks from the skies,  
He shows us the prize,  
And gives us a sign  
That we shall o'ercome by the armour divine.

4 For us is prepared  
The angelical guard;  
The convoy attends,  
A minist'ring host of invisible friends:  
Ready wing'd for their flight  
To the regions of light,  
The horses are come,  
The chariots of Israel to carry us home.

TUNE 230 EASTINGTON. 6.6.6.4.

1 JESUS Immanuel,  
Thou shalt our Leader be;  
Guide Thine own Israel,  
Over life's sea.

2 When we are full of grief,  
Victims of anxious care,  
Give Thou our hearts relief,  
*Jesus, be near.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 8   Brighten our darkest hour,  
     Till the last hour shall come;  
     Then in Thy love and power,  
     O take us home.
- 4   Glorious Deliverer,  
     How long wilt Thou delay?  
     Saviour, blest Saviour,  
     Bear us away.

TUNE 231

ETTINGSHALL.

5.6.12.6.5.12.

- 1   MY God, I am thine,  
     What a comfort divine, [is mine!  
     What a blessing to know that my Jesus  
     In the heavenly Lamb,  
     Thrice happy I am,       [of His name.  
     And my heart it doth dance at the sound
- 2   True pleasures abound,  
     In the rapturous sound;       [found:  
     And whoever hath found it, hath paradise  
     My Jesus to know,  
     And feel his blood flow,  
     It is life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 3   Yet onward I haste,  
     To the heavenly feast;       [taste;  
     That, that is the fulness; but this is the  
     And this I shall prove,

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

Till with joy I remove,  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

TUNE 232 STOUR VALLEY.

5.6.8.6.6.9.

- 1        **'T**IS pleasant to sing,  
          The sweet praise of our King,  
While here in the valley we move;  
          'Twill be pleasanter still  
          When we stand on the hill,  
And sing praise to our Saviour above.
- 2        Our Shepherd and Guide  
          For His flock will provide  
          'Mid darkness and tempests below;  
          When the darkness is past,  
          He will lead them at last  
Where the pastures of paradise grow.
- 3        Our Captain and Friend  
          Will His soldiers defend  
          Who wear the whole armour of God;  
          They who conquering die  
          Shall ascend up on high  
By the path His bright legions have trod.
- 4        Our Sovereign and Lord  
          Will His servants reward  
          Who to death true and faithful are found;  
          Full of joy they shall stand,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

At their Saviour's right hand,  
Where the songs of salvation resound.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to sing  
The sweet praise of our King,  
While here in the valley we move;  
'Twill be pleasanter still  
When we stand on the hill,  
And sing praise to our Saviour above.

TUNE **233** ARLEY. 6.6.8.6. Double.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sun how bright  
From yonder east he springs!  
As if the soul of life and light  
Were breathing from his wings.  
So bright the Gospel broke  
Upon the sons of men;  
So fresh the dreaming worlds awoke,  
In their full radiance then.
- 2 O bless the living God,  
And sing His glorious praise!  
Proclaim His wondrous power abroad,  
And songs of triumph raise.  
His throne remains of old;  
He reigneth in His might,  
Array'd in majesty and strength,  
And clothed in robes of light.



HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 3 He gave the stars their birth,  
And spread the sea and land ;  
The strong foundations of the earth  
Arose at His command.  
He fill'd the world with light,  
He spake and darkness fell ;  
The everlasting hills are His,  
And all that on them dwell.
- 4 He led His ancient race,  
With all-providing care ;  
They wander'd in the wilderness,  
And found no city there ;  
But when they cried to Him,  
By want and sorrow driven,  
He gave them water from the rock,  
And rain'd them bread from heaven.
- 5 He doth His creatures bless ;  
He hears their softest cry ;  
He healeth all their sicknesses,  
And sets the poor on high.  
O bless the living God,  
Ye saints proclaim His worth ;  
O bless Him for His wondrous ways  
To all the sons of earth.

TUNE 234

ASHBURTON.

6.6.8.6.8.8.8.6.8.8.

1 *L*IFT up your eyes, look round ;  
The fields to harvest white,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Are bow'd and shaking to the ground,  
Where soon must perish quite  
The sower's seed, the tiller's toil,  
The husbandman's abortive trust,  
Whose crops ungather'd load the soil,  
Down trodden to the dust :  
For wide the fields are spread, and far,  
And few, and weak the labourers are.

- 2 Lord of the Harvest now,  
Send faithful labourers forth,  
To wield the sickle, guide the plough,  
Where east, west, south, and north,  
Far as the fields of life are spread,  
The scythe of time at death's stern doom,  
Is reaping harvests for the dead,  
To crowd the garner tomb :  
Lord ! Lord ! a precious remnant save  
From death, from death beyond the grave.

TUNE 235 ASHGROVE. 6.6.6.5.6.5.6.5.

HOLY, holy, holy,  
Sings the angelic choir !  
Might we, sinners, truly  
Glow with heavenly fire ;  
Praising altogether,  
Deeply bow'd in dust,  
God Jehovah, Father,  
Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE 236 BROMPTON. 8 lines 6s.

- 1 COME let us join to sing,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !  
Loud praise to Christ our King,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !  
Let all with heart and voice  
Before His throne rejoice ;  
Praise is His gracious choice,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 2 Come, lift your hearts on high,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !  
Let praises fill the sky,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !  
He is our Guide and Friend,  
To us he'll condescend,  
His love shall never end,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 3 Praise yet the Lord again,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !  
Life shall not end the strain,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !  
On heaven's blissful shore,  
His goodness we'll adore,  
Singing for evermore,  
Hallelujah ! Amen !

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE 237 BUSHEY. 6.6.6.8.8.6.4.6.

- 1 THE seraphim of God  
Exalt their voices high,  
In ceaseless harmony !  
'Mid blaze of Deity, the throng,  
With veiled face their strains prolong ;  
“ Holy, holy is God !  
Holy is God !  
The Lord of Sabaoth ! ”
- 2 The Church, the Bride of Christ,  
His name delights to sing,  
Her own immortal King :  
Above and here one voice doth sound ;  
“ Praise Him who hath for us atoned !  
“ Holy, holy is God !  
Holy is God !  
The Lord of Sabaoth ! ”
- 3 Again we raise the strain,  
“ Worthy the Lamb once slain, ”  
Let earth reply, Amen !  
Blessing, and power, and majesty,  
Through endless ages be to Thee !  
“ Holy, holy is God !  
Holy is God !  
The Lord of Sabaoth ! ”

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE 238      CHELSEA.      6.6.6.4.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,  
This earth is not my rest;  
My own eternal home  
Is with the blest.
- 2 It is my Father's house,  
There I shall see His face;  
My Saviour there for me  
Prepares a place.
- 3 The way that leads to bliss  
Is through the vale of tears,  
But He shall be my guide,  
And still my fears.
- 4 Jesus has shed His blood,  
And on the cross He died,  
That, through His grace, we might  
Be sanctified.
- 5 He is the living way  
By which to God we come,  
To our eternal rest,  
Our heavenly home.
- 6 In the dark hour of death,  
He'll be our shield and strength,  
Till through His righteousness,  
*We rest, at length.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE **239** CHRISTCHURCH.

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me :  
Still all my song would be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven ;  
All that Thou send'st to me  
In mercy given.  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
*Bethel* I'll raise ;

Upwards I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee  
Nearer to Thee.

TUNE 240 COALBROOKD.

6.4.

1 **T**HERE is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand  
Bright, bright as day :  
O how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King !  
Loud let his praises ring.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Lord we shall live with thee ;  
Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye,  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
On then to glory run,  
Be a crown and kingdom won ;  
And bright above the sun,  
Reign, reign for aye.

TUNE 241 DINEDOR. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 HAIL! hail! auspicious morn,  
When Christ the Lord was born  
In Bethlehem!  
His chosen race to save,  
And ransom from the grave,  
And thus redeem the slave,  
A curse for them.
- 2 All hail! auspicious day,  
When first the morning ray  
Of Jacob's star,  
Rose on our darken'd race,  
And full of truth and grace,  
On each rejoicing face,  
Beam'd from afar.



HYMNS FOR THE TUNES IN

- 3 His light the nations see,  
The star of jubilee,  
Freedom and joy!  
While down to latest time,  
Through every age and clime  
Mankind in strains sublime,  
Their tongues employ.
- 4 Hail! star of Jacob hail!  
Thy light shall still prevail,  
Till, as the sea  
With waters full, the earth  
Blest with a second birth,  
With peace and sacred mirth;  
Is fill'd by Thee.

TUNE **242** DOVER. 6.6.4.6.6.

- 1 **O** THOU best gift of heaven!  
Thou, who Thyself hast given!  
For Thou hast died!  
This hast Thou done for me!  
What have I done for Thee,  
Thou crucified?
- 2 I long to serve Thee more;  
Reveal an open door,  
Saviour, to me.  
Then counting all but loss,  
I'll glory in Thy cross  
*And follow Thee.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Do Thou but point the way,  
And give me strength to obey,  
Thy will be mine ;  
Then can I think it joy  
To suffer, or to die,  
Since I am Thine !

On savage shores to roam,  
I'll bid my native home  
A long farewell !  
With humble zeal proclaim  
Thy own most glorious name,  
Immanuel !

And if Thou bless the word,  
When from these lips 'tis heard  
On foreign soil !  
If on one sable cheek,  
Tears of contrition speak,  
Then welcome toil !

Till breaks that sacred morn  
Of bright millennial dawn  
Thy word displays !  
Oh ! nought to me is pain,  
If I with Thee may reign  
Amid the rays !

And now, my Guide, my Shield,  
My dearest friends I yield  
To Thee, by prayer ;  
*And when beyond the sea*

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

I come in pray'r to Thee  
Meet Thou me there !

- 8 Then, Saviour, do Thou cheer,  
And gild my bark, when near  
Eternity !  
Still will a cloud pass o'er  
That I could do no more !  
No more for Thee !

TUNE 243 EIGNHILL. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

- 1 THE grace enjoyed by faith  
In Jesu's incarnation,  
And wounds, and bitter death,  
Assures us of salvation ;  
Engageth our whole heart,  
Prompts us to sing His praise,  
Until we hence depart  
To see Him face to face.
- 2 If Jesus should appear  
Now at this very moment,  
What think ye, should ye fear ?  
No, we with deep abasement,  
Yet joyful would adore  
The Lamb who shed His blood,  
And own Him evermore  
Our Saviour, Lord and God.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 3 Ah, might the time soon come,  
When Thou, our soul's beloved,  
Shalt fetch Thy children home;  
Our inmost soul is moved,  
To think we shall behold  
Him whom by faith we know,  
Chief Shepherd of His fold,  
In whom we're one, and grow.
- 4 Hear Thou our heart's desire,  
Most gracious Lord and Saviour,  
Let us in peace expire,  
And rise to meet Thy favour;  
When Thou our Judge shalt be,  
And each his doom assign,  
Then all our boast shall be  
Thy righteousness divine.

TUNE 244

FAWLEY.

6.6.6.6.

- 1 TO God, the Mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat;  
To Him due praise afford,  
As good as He is great!
- 2 By His Almighty hand  
Amazing works are wrought;  
The heavens by His command,  
*Were to perfection brought.*

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

3 He, in our depth of woes,  
On us with favour thought,  
And from our cruel foes  
In peace and safety brought.

4 He does the food supply  
On which all creatures live ;  
To God, who reigns on high,  
Eternal praises give.

TUNE 245 FOWNHOPE. 6.6.5.5.6.5.

- 1 **M**Y soul, go boldly forth,  
Forsake this sinful earth ;  
What hath it been to thee  
But pain and sorrow ?  
And think'st thou it will be  
Better to-morrow ?
- 2 Why art thou for delay ?  
Thou can'st not here to stay ;  
What tak'st thou for thy part  
But heavenly pleasure ?  
Where then should be thy heart  
But where's thy treasure.
- 3 Thy God, Thy Head's above ;  
There is the world of love ;  
*Mansions* there purchased are,  
*By Christ's own merit,*

**IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.**

For these He doth prepare  
Thee by His Spirit.

- 4 Lord Jesus, take my spirit;  
I trust Thy love and merit:  
Take home Thy wandering sheep,  
For Thou hast sought it;  
My soul in safety keep,  
For Thou hast bought it.

**TUNE 246 GRAVESEND. 6.6.9.5.5.9.**

- 1 **W**HAT a rapturous song,  
When the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join,  
Join all the glad choirs,  
Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is "Mercy divine!"
- 2 Hallelujah! they cry,  
To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM.  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
And liveth again;  
Hallelujah, to God and the Lamb!
- 3 The Lamb on the throne,  
Lo! He dwells with His own,  
And to rivers of pleasure He leads;

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

With His mercy's full blaze,  
With the sight of His face,  
Our beatified spirits He feeds.

- 4 Our foreheads proclaim  
His ineffable name,  
Our bodies His glory display:  
A day without night,  
We feast in His sight,  
And eternity seems as a day.

TUNE **247** HALESWORTH. 6.7.6.7

- 1 **L**ET all men praise the Lord,  
In worship lowly bending,  
On His most holy Word,  
Redeem'd from woe, depending.
- 2 He gracious is, and just,  
From childhood us doth lead.  
On Him we place our trust,  
And hope in time of need.

SECOND HYMN.

- 1 **W**HEN clouds o'erhang the sky,  
And all seems desolation;  
To God Thy Father cry,  
For help and consolation.
- 2 *When overwhelm'd with shame,  
Confess to Him in meekness.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

He knows thy feeble frame,  
And will not spurn thy weakness.

- 3 When weary with the toil,  
The conflict, and the striving;  
He'll bring the wine and oil  
Thy fainting soul reviving.
- 4 When crush'd with earthly care,  
And tried with sore temptation;  
Thy burden He will bear,  
And work out thy salvation.
- 5 When present comforts fail,  
And cherish'd hopes are dying;  
Though hid within the veil,  
Thy God will hear thy sighing.
- 6 And when the night shall come  
To close earth's changeful story,  
In heaven the better home,  
Thy God shall be thy Glory.

TUNE 248 HALIFAX.

6 lines 6s. Triplets.

- 1 WITH heart I do accord  
To love and praise the Lord,  
In presence of the just;  
For great His works are found  
*To them that search around,*  
*To all that love and trust.*



## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 2 Before our Father's feet,  
We love with those to meet,  
Who fear His holy name ;  
Who, hearts and voices raise  
To celebrate His praise,  
And spread His righteous fame.
- 3 The same almighty love,  
That fills each heart above,  
And tunes each golden lyre ;  
Invites our cheerful songs,  
Inspires our grateful tongues,  
With holy rapturous fire.
- 4 We'll banish every dread,  
Our hearts before Him spread,  
In all their grateful joy ;  
The light we have perceived,  
The powers we have received,  
His service shall employ.
- 5 We'll praise Him all our days,  
We'll sing His wondrous ways,  
And loud His love proclaim ;  
Until with yon blest throng,  
We join the nobler song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

TUNE **249** Highbury. 6.6.8.6.8.7.8.

*1 FROM* Egypt lately come,  
Where death and darkness reign,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

We seek our new, our better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound  
We haste with songs of joy;  
Where peace and liberty are found,  
And sweets that never cloy.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,  
And every conflict's o'er;  
There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

- 4 There in celestial strains,  
Enraptured myriads sing;  
There love in every bosom reigns,  
For God Himself is King.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

- 5 We soon shall join the throng;  
Their pleasures we shall share,

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

And sing the everlasting song  
With all the ransom'd there.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

6 How sweet the prospect is!

It cheers the pilgrim's breast,

We're journeying through the wilderness,

But soon shall gain our rest.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

TUNE **250** HIGHGATE. 3 lines 8s.

1 **O** GOD of heaven, whose power benign  
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,  
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

2 O Father uncreated Lord,  
Be thou in every land adored;  
Be thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,  
We bless Thee Lord, whose dying pain  
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care,  
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,  
*May we in Thy communion share.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 5 O holy, blessed Trinity,  
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;  
In us, O God, exalted be.

TUNE 251 HIGHGROVE.

6.6.6.6.8.6.8.8.4.

WHILE these commands endure,  
These promises are sure;  
And 'tis an easy task  
To knock, to seek, to ask.  
Sinner, hast thou the willing mind?  
Saint, art thou thus inclined?  
Dost thou expect, desire, believe?  
Then knock and enter, seek and find,  
Ask and receive.

TUNE 252 HOLLOWAY. 6.6.6.6.

- 1 RETURN, once more return,  
O wand'rer to thy God;  
A voice yet on thee calls;  
A finger points the road.
- 2 Where'er thy steps are bent,  
Death hovers by thy side;  
Thou knowest not what an hour  
May to thy fate betide.
- 3 Behold the mighty sun,  
He metes out day by day;

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- Each new-moon's circuit saith,  
"A month hath pass'd away."
- 4 The seasons to thy heart,  
Still whisper, as they roll ;  
"Nearer and nearer draws  
To judgment-day thy soul."
- 5 Before the Cross cast down  
The burden of thy sin ;  
The Old Man crucify,  
And a new life begin.
- 6 So, walking in the light  
By Revelation given,  
Through darkness and through death,  
Thy path shall lead to heaven.

## TUNE 253 HUDDERSFIELD.

6.6.8.6.6.8.

- 1 JERUSALEM divine,  
When shall I call thee mine ?  
And to thy holy hill attain  
Where weary pilgrims rest,  
And in thy glories blest,  
With God Messiah ever reign ?
- 2 There saints and angels join  
In fellowship divine,  
And rapture swells the solemn lay :  
While all with one accord  
*Adore their glorious Lord,*  
*and His praise in endless day.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 3    May I but find the grace  
      To fill a humble place  
      In that inheritance above ;  
      My tuneful voice I'll raise  
      In songs of loudest praise,  
      To spread Thy fame, Redeeming Love.
- 4    Reign, true Messiah, reign !  
      Thy kingdom shall remain  
      When stars and sun no more shall shine :  
      Mysterious Deity,  
      Who ne'er began to be,  
      To sound Thy endless praise be mine !

TUNE 254    LANSDOWNE.

6.6.7.7.7.7.

- 1    **T**HEE, O my God and King,  
      My Father, Thee I sing !  
      Hear, well pleased, the joyous sound,  
      Praise from earth and heaven receive ;  
      Lost—I now in Christ am found ;  
      Dead—by faith in Christ I live.
- 2    Father, behold Thy son,  
      In Christ I am Thy own :  
      Stranger long to Thee and rest,  
      See the prodigal is come ;  
      Open wide Thine arms and breast,  
      Take the weary wanderer home.

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 3    Thine eye observed from far ;  
       Thy pity look'd me near ;  
       Me Thy bowels yearn'd to see ;  
       Me Thy mercy ran to find,  
       Empty, poor, and void of Thee,  
       Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.
- 4    Thou on my neck didst fall ;  
       Thy kiss forgave me all ;  
       Still Thy gracious words I hear,  
       Words that made the Saviour mine,  
       "Haste, for him the robe prepare,  
       His be righteousness divine !"

TUNE **255**      LOUTH.      6.6.7.7.7.7.

- 1    **O**UT of the deep I cry,  
       Just at the point to die ;  
       Hastening to infernal pain,  
       Jesus, Lord, I cry to Thee ;  
       Help a feeble child of man ;  
       Show forth all Thy power in me.
- 2    On Thee I ever call,  
       Saviour and Friend of all ;  
       Well Thou know'st my desperate case .  
       Thou my curse and sin remove ;  
       *Save me by Thy richest grace,*  
       *Save me by Thy pardoning love.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 3    How shall a sinner find  
      The Saviour of mankind !  
      Can'st Thou not accept my prayer ?  
      Not bestow the grace I claim ?  
      Where are Thy old mercies ? where  
      All the powers of Jesu's name ?
- 4    What shall I say to move  
      The bowels of Thy love ?  
      Are they not already stirred ?  
      Have I in Thy death no part ?  
      Ask Thy own compassions, Lord !  
      Ask the yearnings of Thy heart !
- 5    I will not let Thee go,  
      Till I Thy mercies know ;  
      Let me hear the welcome sound !  
      Speak, if still Thou can'st forgive ;  
      Speak, and let the lost be found,  
      Speak, and let the dying live.
- 6    Thy love is all my plea ;  
      Thy passion speaks for me :  
      By Thy pangs and bloody sweat,  
      By Thy depth of grief unknown,  
      Save me, gasping at Thy feet,  
      Save, O save Thy ransomed one.
- 7    What hast Thou done for me !  
      O, think on Calvary !  
      By Thy mortal groans and sighs,  
      *By Thy precious death, I pray,*





IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

How welcome then the hour,  
The spirit's heavenly birth,  
The last of sin and Satan's power,  
The last of earth :  
How blest the ransom'd soul,  
To take its upward flight,  
Beyond earth's clouds to that bright goal,  
The land of light.

257

MONT BLANC.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

THE rosy light is dawning  
Upon the mountain brow ;  
It is the Sabbath morning,  
Arise and pay thy vow :  
Lift up thy voice to heaven  
In sacred praise and prayer,  
While unto thee is given,  
The light of life to share.  
The landscape, lately shrouded  
By evening's paler ray,  
Smiles beauteous and unclouded  
Before the eye of day :  
So may our souls, benighted  
Too long in folly's shade,  
By His kind smiles be lighted,  
Whose mercies never fade.

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 3 Oh, see those waters streaming  
 In crystal purity ;  
 While earth, with verdure teeming,  
 Gives rapture to the eye !  
 Let rivers of salvation  
 In larger currents flow,  
 Till every tribe and nation  
 Their healing virtues know !

TUNE **258** MONTROSE. 7.6.7.4.

- 1 **C**HRIST is my light and treasure,  
 In death He is my life ;  
 For Him I leave with pleasure,  
 This world of strife.
- 2 Christ is my crown and glory,  
 I've none on earth but He ;  
 And O the wondrous story,  
 His love to me.
- 3 Then haste the day expected,  
 When I shall see His face ;  
 And then, no more dejected,  
 For ever praise.

TUNE **259** TEMPLE HYMN.

6.6.8.8.6.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS ! unite to raise  
 A dwelling for the Lord ;

### IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

In temples that resound His praise,  
Where truth the sure foundation lays,  
Your grateful zeal record.

- 2 Who would not build for God  
The sacred house of prayer ?  
To raise one stone in His abode,  
To lead one sinner on the road,  
Might claim an angel's care.
- 3 With joy afford your aid,  
To spread the Saviour's fame ;  
His life a ransom once was paid,  
And now He reigns our glorious Head ;  
Exalted be His name.
- 4 Where'er the temple stands,  
To celebrate His praise ;  
In British, or in foreign lands,  
'Midst crowded throng, or rustic bands,  
Our thankful song we raise.
- 5 We care not for the name  
The sacred temple bears,  
Whoe'er may Christ alone proclaim,  
With holy zeal, and simple aim,  
The badge of Brother wears.
- 6 O Lord ! with heart sincere,  
Silver and gold we bring ;  
*With Thine own treasure we appear,*

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

For Thee, on earth a house to rear,  
Thou great, Almighty King.

- 7 Jesus, accept our store,  
Thine honour to proclaim;  
Thou blessed art, for evermore!  
Supreme in majesty and power,  
We praise Thy glorious name.

- 8 Strangers on earth, we rove,  
But rest not in these lands;  
By faith our spirits upwards move,  
Longing to reach Thy house above,  
The house not made with hands.

- 9 Our fathers' race is run!  
Pilgrims, like shadows, flee;  
Our work, like theirs, will soon be done,  
Then will our peace and joy be one  
In blest reality.

## TUNE 260 THEOPOLIS. 6.10.6.10.

- 1 **B**IRDS have their quiet nests,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peace-  
All creatures have their rest, [ful bed;  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.
- 2 And yet He came to give  
The weary and the heavy laden rest;  
To bid the sinner live, [breast.  
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 3 I who once made Him grieve ;  
I who once bade His gentle spirit mourn ;  
Whose hand essay'd to weave [thorns.  
For His meek brow the cruel crown of
- 4 O why should I have peace ?  
Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,  
Which would not, could not cease,  
Until it made me heir of joys above.
- 5 Yes, but for pard'ning grace,  
I feel I never should in glory see  
The brightness of that face,  
That once was pale and agonised for me.
- 6 Let the birds seek their nests,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;  
Come, Saviour, in my breast,  
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head.
- 7 On earth Thou lovest best  
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin ;  
O come and take Thy rest,  
This broken, bleeding, contrite, heart within.

TUNE 261 THYATIRA. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King :  
Your Lord and King adore :  
*Mortals, give thanks, and sing,*  
*And triumph evermore.*

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :  
Rejoice ! He bids His saints rejoice.

- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :  
Rejoice ! He bids His saints rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom must prevail :  
He rules o'er earth and heaven.  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Saviour given.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :  
Rejoice ! He bids His saints rejoice.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :  
Rejoice ! He bids His saints rejoice.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :  
Rejoice ! He bids His saints rejoice.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE **262** TRINITY HYMN.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **I** GIVE immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all my comforts here,  
And better hopes above ;  
He sent His own eternal Son,  
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with His blood  
From everlasting woe ;  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live.  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honours done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One :  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
There faith prevails and love adores.



HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE **263** ABERDARE. 7.7.7.7

1 **T**HOUGH the night be very long,  
Faith be faint and sin be strong;  
Though your hopes be almost dead,  
And around are shapes of dread,  
Fear not ye.

2 Earnest, earnest still seek on  
For the Master who is gone;  
Oft forsaken, oft denied,  
Jesus who was crucified:  
Fear not ye.

3 Mourning souls, behold Him here,  
See the marks of nail and spear;  
And the heavenly countenance,  
And the tender awful glance:  
Fear not ye.

4 Look, He gives the welcome sign.  
And He whispers—"ye are mine."  
Jesus who was crucified,  
He is found—adore, confide:  
Fear not ye.

TUNE **264** ABERDEEN. 7.7.7.5.

1 **W**HERESOEVER two or three  
Meet, in Christian company,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 2 When with friends beloved we stay,  
Talking down the close of day,  
Saviour! meet us in the way.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 3 When, amid the gloom of night,  
Storms arise, and perils fright,  
Let Thy voice our hearts delight.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 4 In the festive hour, refine  
Earthly love to joy divine:  
Turn the water into wine.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 5 In the time of lonely grief,  
Let Thy presence bring relief;  
Then shall longest nights grow brief.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 6 When the world and life recede,  
Saviour! in our hour of need,  
Then be visible indeed.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

TUNE **265** ACORBURY. 7.7.7.6.

- 1 *I*N the dark and cloudy day,  
When earth's riches flee away,

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

And the last hope will not stay,  
My Saviour, comfort me.

2 When the hoard of many years,  
Like a fleet cloud disappears,  
And the future's full of fears,  
My Saviour, comfort me.

3 When the secret idol's gone,  
That my poor heart yearn'd upon,  
Desolate, bereft, alone,  
My Saviour, comfort me.

4 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
Bid me in Thy love confide ;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

5 Comfort me, I am cast down,  
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown,  
I deserve it all, I own ;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

6 In these hours of sad distress,  
Let me know, He loves no less,  
Bids me trust His faithfulness ;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

7 Not unduly let me grieve,  
Meekly the kind stripes receive,  
Let me humbly still believe ;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 8 So it shall be good for me,  
Much afflicted now to be,  
If Thou wilt but tenderly,  
My Saviour comfort me.

TUNE 266 BALMORAL. 7.6.7.6.7.7.

- 1 ONWARD, onward, let us press,  
Through the path of duty ;  
Virtue is true happiness,—  
Excellence true beauty.  
Minds are of celestial birth ;  
Let us make a heaven on earth.
- 2 Sweetest bonds of friendship, here,  
Bind our hearts together ;  
Where our fire-side comforts cheer,  
In the wildest weather :  
Oh ! they wander wide, who roam,  
For the joys of life from home !
- 3 Bonds of everlasting love  
Draw our souls in union,  
To our Father's house above,  
To the saints' communion :  
Thither may our hopes ascend ;  
There may all our labours end !

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE 267

BARNSELY.

7.8.7.7.7.7.7.6.

- 1 **L**ORD, have mercy, when we strive,  
To save, through Thee, our souls ali  
When the pamper'd flesh is strong,  
When the strife is fierce and long,  
When our wakening thoughts begin  
First to loathe our cherish'd sin,  
And our weary spirits fail, .  
And our aching brows are pale,  
O then have mercy, Lord!
- 2 Lord, have mercy, when we know  
And feel how vain this world below,  
When the earliest gleam is given  
Of Thy bright but distant heaven;  
When our darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex, and fears distress,  
And our sadden'd spirits dwell  
On the open gates of hell,  
O then have mercy, Lord!
- 3 Lord, have mercy, when we lie  
Upon the restless bed, and sigh;  
Sigh for death, yet fear it still  
From the thought of former ill;  
When all other hope is gone;  
*When our course is almost done,*  
*When the dim advancing gloom*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Tells us that our hour is come,  
O then have mercy Lord!

TUNE 268 BARTESTREE. 8.6.6.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, adore thy Maker;  
Angels' praise, Join thy lays,  
With them be partaker.
- 2 Father, Lord of every spirit,  
In thy light, Lead me right,  
Through my Saviour's merit.
- 3 O Lord Jesu, God Almighty,  
Pray for me, Till I see  
Thee in Salem's city.
- 4 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,  
Be my guide, Lest my pride  
Shut me out of heaven.
- 5 Thou this night wast my Protector;  
With me stay, All the day,  
Ever my director.
- 6 Holy, holy, holy Giver  
Of all good, Life and food,  
Reign adored for ever.
- 7 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,  
One in Three, Give we Thee,  
Never, never ceasing.

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE 269

BASINGSTOKE.

8.6.8.6.8.6.

1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Further than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high :  
Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That Thou, my God, art nigh :—

2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind  
Feels after Thee in vain,  
Thee in these works of power to find,  
Or to Thy seat attain,  
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,  
Thy path, the trackless main :—

3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim,  
They thunder forth Thy praise ;  
The glorious honour of Thy name,  
The wonders of Thy ways :  
But Thou art not in tempest flame,  
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll,  
Through the wide fields of air :  
The waves obey Thy dread control,  
Yet still Thou art not there,  
*Where shall I find Him, O my soul,*  
*Who yet is everywhere ?*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 5 Oh! not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veil'd from sight,  
There does His Spirit rest:  
Oh come, Thou Presence Infinite!  
And make Thy creature blest.

TUNE 270 BEDWORTH. 8.6.6.

- 1 **E**RE I sleep, for every favour,  
This day shewed, By my God  
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render  
To Thy name, Still the same,  
Merciful and tender?
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me,  
Let Thy peace, Be my bliss,  
Till Thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with Thy salvation;  
Let Thy care, Still be near,  
Round my habitation.
- 5 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,  
Safely keep, While I sleep,  
Me with sovereign power.
- 6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,  
Let me rise, With the wise,  
Counted in their number.



HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE **271** BERKELEY. 7.6.7.6.7.7.

1 **I**N the day of thy distress,  
May Jehovah hear Thee!  
In the hour when dangers press,  
Jacob's God be near thee!  
Send thee from His holy place,  
Timely aid and strengthening grace.

2 May thy prayers and offerings rise  
By thy God recorded!  
Thine oblations reach the skies,  
Graciously rewarded!  
Granted be thy heart's request;  
All thy purposes be bless'd!

3 Thy success our hearts shall cheer,  
We with exultation,  
In Jehovah's name, will rear  
Trophies of salvation,  
Go beneath His guardian care,  
And the Lord fulfil thy prayer.

TUNE **272** BETHEL. 7.6.7.6.

1 **O** HEAVENLY Jerusalem  
Of everlasting halls,  
*Thrice blessed are the people,  
Thou storest in thy walls!*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 2 Thou art the golden mansion  
Where saints for ever sing;  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the King.
- 3 There God for ever sitteth,  
Himself of all the crown;  
The Lamb the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down
- 4 Nought to this seat approacheth  
Their sweet peace to molest;  
They sing their God for ever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.
- 5 Calm hope from thence is beaming,  
To her our longings bend;  
No short-lived toil shall daunt us  
From joys that cannot end.
- 6 To Christ the Son that lightens  
His Church, above, below,  
To Father and to Spirit  
All things created bow.

TUNE 273

BETHANY.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.7.4.

- 1 **W**HERE burns the fire-side brightest,  
Cheering the social breast?  
Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
*Its humble hopes possess'd?*

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
 Sad and dying—Who is He ?  
 By the last and bitter cry,  
 The ghost given up in agony ;  
 By the lifeless body laid  
 In the chamber of the dead ;  
 By the mourners come to weep  
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;  
 Crucified ! we know Thee now !  
 Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
 Dread and awful !—Who is He ?  
 By the prayer for them that slew,  
 Lord, they know not what they do ;  
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
 By the souls He died to save,  
 By the conquest He hath won,  
 By the saints before His throne,  
 By the rainbow round His brow,  
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

TUNE **275** CAMBERWELL.

7.7.7.7.4.7.

1 **W**HEN the vale of death appears,  
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,  
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,  
 Light me through the darksome way ;  
*Break the shadows*  
*Usher in eternal day.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 2 Starting from this dying state,  
Upward bid my soul aspire ;  
Open Thou the crystal gate,  
To Thy praise attune my lyre ;  
Dwell for ever,  
Dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,  
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way ;  
Often bless Thy guardian care,  
Fire by night and cloud by day ;  
While my triumphs  
At my Leader's feet I lay.
- 4 And when mighty trumpets blown  
Shall the judgment's dawn proclaim,  
From the central burning throne ;  
'Mid creation's final flame,  
With the ransom'd,  
Judge and Saviour, own my name.

TUNE 276 CANADA. 4 lines 7s.

- 1 TIME is earnest,  
Passing by ;  
Death is earnest,  
Drawing nigh.  
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?  
Time and Death appeal to thee.

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 2 Life is earnest  
When 'tis o'er;  
Thou returnest  
Never more:  
Soon to meet eternity,  
Wilt thou never serious be?
- 3 God is earnest!  
Kneel and pray!  
Ere thy season  
Pass away!  
Ere He set His judgment throne,  
Vengeance ready, mercy gone!
- 4 Christ is earnest,  
Bids thee come;  
Paid thy spirit's  
Priceless sum:  
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,  
Pleading with thee from above.
- 5 Thou refusest;  
Wretched one!  
Thou despisest  
God's dear Son.  
Madness! Dying sinner turn,  
Lest His wrath within thee burn,
- 6 Oh, be earnest!  
Loitering,  
Thou wilt perish,  
*Lingering*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Be no longer, rise and flee ;  
Lo ! thy Saviour waits for thee !

TUNE **277** CANONBURY. 4 lines 7s.

- 1 **T**HOU, Creator, art possess'd  
Of unbroken endless rest,  
Choirs angelic sing to Thee  
With increasing melody.
- 2 We who lost fair Eden's bowers,  
Shame and painful toil are ours ;  
Mourning exiles, how shall they  
Sing their distant country's lay ?
- 3 Thou who never dost despise  
Bleeding hearts and weeping eyes,  
Teach us our offence to know,  
Bid the tears of sorrow flow.
- 4 Blessed tears that bring relief,  
Faith and hope assuaging grief,  
Peace the broken heart regains,  
Sweetly flow the joyful strains.
- 5 God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Honour glory, love, and praise,  
Be to Thee through endless days.

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE 278 CANTON. 4 lines

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Thee we pray;  
Finger of the living God,  
Point us out the living way;  
Shed the Saviour's love abroad.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Thee we pray,  
Look on each benighted soul;  
Lighten with Thy heavenly ray,  
With Thy wondrous power control.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Thee we pray,  
Break the chains of reigning sin;  
Rule with Thy benignant sway;  
Make and keep us pure within.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Thee we pray  
Guard us in the evil hour;  
Make us willing to obey;  
Shield us from the tempter's power.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Thee we pray,  
Give us wisdom from above;  
Guide our footsteps lest we stray,  
Fill us with Immanuel's love.
- 6 Holy Spirit, Thee we pray,  
*Cause Thy truth in us to dwell;*  
*Mould our spirits day by day,*  
*Make us like Immanuel.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 7 Holy Spirit, Thee we pray,  
Give us full supplies of grace,  
Be our Guide through all the way,  
Till we see our Father's face.

TUNE 279 ADVENT HYMN.

8 lines 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing :  
" Glory to the new-born King !  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 2 Christ by highest heaven adored,  
Christ the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb !  
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see !  
Hail th' incarnate Deity !  
Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace.  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness ;  
*Light* and life to all He brings,  
*Risen* with healing in His wings.



## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

Lo! He lays His glory by :  
 Born, that man no more may die ;  
 Born, to raise the sons of earth ;  
 Born to give them second birth.

- 4 Come, Desire of Nations come,  
 Fix in us Thy humble home ;  
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.  
 Sing we then, with angels sing :  
 "Glory to the new-born King !  
 Glory in the highest heaven,  
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven,"

## TUNE 280 RESURRECTION HYMN

1. 1

**J**ESUS Christ is risen to day, Halleluja  
 Our triumphant holy day ; Halleluja  
 Who did once upon the cross, Halleluja  
 Suffer to redeem our loss. Halleluja

2.

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Halleluja  
 Unto Christ our heavenly King; Halleluja  
 Who endured the cross and grave, Halleluja  
 Sinners to redeem and save. Halleluja

3.

But the pains which He endured, Halleluja  
*Our salvation have procured ;* Halleluja  
*Now above the sky He's King,* Halleluja  
*Where the angels ever sing.* Halleluja

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

4.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Hallelujah !  
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah !  
Loud the song of victory raise ; Hallelujah !  
Shout the great Redeemer's praise. Hallelujah !

TUNE 281 ASCENSION HYMN. 7s.

1.

**H**AIL the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah !  
Glorious to His native skies ; Hallelujah !  
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hallelujah !  
Enters now the gates of heaven. Hallelujah !

2.

There the glorious triumph waits, Hallelujah !  
Lift your heads, eternal gates ; Hallelujah !  
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin Hallelujah !  
Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah !

3.

See, the heaven its Lord receives ! Hallelujah !  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves, Hallelujah !  
Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah !  
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah !

4.

Still for us He intercedes ; Hallelujah !  
His prevailing death He pleads ; Hallelujah !  
Near Himself prepares our place, Hallelujah !  
Great Precursor of our race. Hallelujah !

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

5.

What though parted from our sight, Hallelujah  
Far above yon starry height ; Hallelujah  
May our warm affections rise, Hallelujah  
Following Him beyond the skies. Hallelujah

TUNE 282 JUBILEE HYMN.

8 lines

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee ;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore :  
Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign ;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound  
From the depths unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies ;  
See Jehovah's banner furl'd, [do  
Sheathed His sword ; He speaks—'tis  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 *He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway ;*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away :  
Then the end ;—beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

TUNE **283** COVENTRY. 8 lines 7s.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH ! Raise, Oh raise  
To our God the song of praise :  
All His servants join to sing  
God our Saviour and our King.  
Blessed be for evermore  
That dread name which we adore !  
Round the world His praise be sung,  
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 2 O'er all nations God alone,  
Higher than the heavens His throne.  
Who is like to God most high,  
Infinite in majesty !  
Yet to view the heavens He bends ;  
Yea, to earth He condescends ;  
Passing by the rich and great,  
For the low and desolate.
- 4 He can raise the poor to stand  
*With the princes of the land ;*

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

Wealth upon the needy shower ;  
Set the meanest high in power.  
He the broken spirit cheers ;  
Turns to joy the mourner's tears :  
Such the wonders of His ways !  
Praise His name ;—for ever praise.

TUNE 284 DAMASCUS.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend in majesty,  
To proclaim His holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,  
At the too-transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God, in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away ;  
Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
*Lovely, mournful Calvary.*

IN 'THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE **285**      DEVONPORT.      7s.

- 1 **O**FT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward Christians, onward go ;  
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
March in heavenly armour clad ;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory wake your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not fear your course impede ;  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward Christians, onward move ;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go !

TUNE **286**      EDINBURGH.  
8.7.8.7.8.8.8.7.

- 1 **M**AN of sorrows, and acquainted  
With our griefs, what shall we say ?  
Never language yet hath painted  
All the woes that on Thee lay.

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

Had I seen Thee clothed in weakness,  
Bearing our reproach with meekness,  
To attend Thee day and night,  
Would have been my heart's delight.

- 2 Oh that to this heavenly Stranger  
I had here my homage paid,  
From His first sigh in the manger,  
Till he cried : "'Tis Finished !"  
That first sigh had consecrated  
Me His own, and I had waited  
On him from His infancy,  
In a constant liturgy.
- 3 Tell me, little flock beloved,  
Ye on whom shone Jesu's face  
What within your souls then moved,  
When ye felt His kind embrace ;  
O disciple ! once most blessed.  
As a bosom friend caressed,  
Say, could e'er into Thy mind  
Other objects entrance find ?
- 4 Oft to prayer by night retreated,  
See Him from all search withdrawn :  
Tearful eyes and sighs repeated,  
Witnessed still the morning dawn.  
There, where he made intercession,  
I had pour'd forth my confession,  
*And where, o'er my sins He wept,*  
*Praying, I the watch had kept.*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 5 Should I thus to Thee have cleaved,  
    'Midst Thy poverty and woes,  
On Thee, as my Lord, believed ?  
    Or perhaps have joined Thy foes ?  
Ah ! Thy mercy I had spurned ;  
But Thyself my heart has turned ;  
    Now Thou know'st, beneath, above,  
Naught compared with Thee I love.

TUNE 287 FRAMLINGHAM.

7s and 8s.

- 1 **W**HAT is Life ? A rapid stream,  
    Rolling onward to the ocean.  
What is Life ? A troubled dream,  
Full of incident and motion.
- 2 What is Life ? The arrow's flight  
That mocks the keenest gazer's eye,  
What is life ? A gleam of light,  
Darting through a stormy sky.
- 3 What is life ? A varied tale,  
Deeply moving—quickly told.  
What is Life ? A vision pale,  
Vanishing while we behold.
- 4 What is Life ? A smoke, a vapour,  
Swiftly mingled with the air.  
What is life ? A dying taper,  
A spark that glows to disappear.



A moment quickly gone from thee.  
What is Death? O mortal man  
Thy entrance on Eternity.

TUNE 288

JAMAICA.

1 FEAR no more the clanking chain  
Thou'rt free as the light of heaven  
For stripes, and weariness, and pain  
The eternal rest is given.

2 Fear no more the torturer's hand  
Nor the dungeon dark that bound  
The loving angels round thee stand  
And lightning wings surround

cold

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE **289** KENILWORTH. 7.8.8.8

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS! brethren ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart;  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians! we may meet no more,  
But there's yet a happier shore;  
And there, released from toil and pain,  
Brethren, we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to God the Three in One,  
Be everlasting glory done;  
Upraise ye saints the sound again,  
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

TUNE **290** SHERBORNE. 6 lines 7s.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit! Lord of light!  
From Thy clear celestial height  
Thy pure beaming radiance give.  
Come, Thou Father of the poor;  
Come with treasures which endure!  
Come Thou light of all that live!
- 2 Thou of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

## HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 3 Light immortal! Light Divine!  
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill:  
If Thou take Thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay,  
All his good is turn'd to ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds—our strength re-  
On our dryness pour Thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away;  
Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 5 Thou, on those who evermore  
Thee confess, and Thee adore,  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:  
Give them comfort when they die;  
Give them life with Thee on high;  
Give them joys which never end.

## TUNE 291 TABERNACLE. 61

- 1 **S**WEET it is to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer  
Sweet it is with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise;

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- Passing sweet that state must be  
Where they meet continually.
- 2 Oh! how sweet the streams of love,  
Flowing from the fount above,  
To the children of the fall,  
Healing, cleansing, soothing all :  
Ever flowing, full and free,  
Oh how rich the source must be!
- 3 For the weary seeking rest,  
Welcome in the Saviour's breast,  
Fill'd with terrors and alarms,  
Refuge in the Saviour's arms ;  
And when pierced with Satan's dart,  
Pity in the Saviour's heart.
- 4 Are thine earthly wants thy dread ?  
He will give thee daily bread ;  
Feed thy soul on food divine,  
For His flesh and blood are thine :  
Oh what more can sinners need,  
Jesus is their meat indeed !
- 5 Is thy heart oppress'd with care ?  
He will all thy burden bear ;  
In the dark and cloudy day,  
He will be thy trust and stay :  
And when other hopes are gone,  
Jesus shall be thine alone !
- 6 Fear not thou the mortal strife,  
*Jesus is thy better life :*

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

He will bear thy soul above,  
To the mansions of His love.  
From the valley to the mount,  
From the streamlet to the fount.

TUNE 292 TORONTO. 6 lines 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK the trump, it wakes the dead,  
Countless myriads start and rise;  
See the affrighted heavens have fled,  
Uproar reigns through earth and skies ;  
All around is wild dismay,  
'Tis the last, the judgment day !
- 2 Hark the trump, again it peals,  
Louder still the thunders roll,  
Every blast more deeply seals  
Terror on the guilty soul.  
Shrieking myriads wildly call,  
" Rocks and mountains on us fall ! "
- 3 Hark the trump from world to world,  
Lo, the mighty echoes fly,  
Planets, from their orbits hurl'd,  
Fall, and rush in ruin by :  
Nature groans in mortal pain ;  
Ancient chaos reigns again.
- 4 *See the sign, the flaming sign,  
Stream in brightness from afar ;*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Monarchs now their thrones resign,  
Judges stand before His bar ;  
Jesus Christ His throne uprears,  
Lo, the Son of man appears.

5 Hark ! the shout ten thousand tongues,  
Thrice ten thousand thousand cry,  
“ Hail Emmanuel ! let our songs  
Bid Thee welcome from on high,  
Death, behold thy Conqueror come,  
Hell, prepare to meet thy doom.”

6 “ Come ye blessed,” accents mild,  
Milder than the breath of spring ;  
To the righteous, once reviled,  
Now their Master’s plaudits bring,  
“ You have won a bright renown,  
Take the kingdom, wear the crown.”

7 “ Go, ye cursed, hence depart,  
Outcasts to the realms below,”  
Thunders to the guilty heart,  
Thus pronounce the doom of woe ;  
“ With the fiend ye cherish’d, dwell,  
Plunge into the deeps of hell ! ”

8 Hark, the heavenly arches ring,  
Shouts of triumph fill the sky ;  
Each a priest and each a king,  
Crowned with wreaths of victory ;  
See the ransom’d myriads rise,  
*To their mansions in the skies !*

NE 293 WELLINGTON. 7.7.6

I'LL spare all needless thinking  
Nor shall my mind be shrinkin'  
Concerning what may be ;  
I'll follow Thy kind leading,  
Dear Lord, in each proceeding ;  
That Thou'rt my all, sufficeth me.

JNE 294 WESTMORLAND 7.7

ONWARD let my children go  
And the Lord commands us  
h

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Wherefore art thou thus disheartened ?  
Is the arm that saves thee shortened ?

- 3    Dark and wide the sea appears,  
      Every soul is full of fears ;  
      Yet the word is onward still !  
      Onward move, and do His will ;  
      And the great deep shall discover  
      God's highway to take thee over.
- 4    Stand thou still, and thou shalt see,  
      Wonders wrought, and wrought for  
      Safe thyself on yonder shore,        [thee ;  
      Thou shalt see thy foes no more ;  
      And there tell the wondrous story,  
      Of thy Saviour's might and glory.

TUNE 295      ABERGAVENNY.

8.8.8.6.

- 1    JUST as I am, without one plea,  
      But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
      And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
      O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2    Just as I am, and waiting not  
      To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
      To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
      O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3    Just as I am, though toss'd about,  
      With many a conflict, many a doubt,



O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Thou wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down!  
Now, to be Thine, yea Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

296 ABERYSTWITH.

8.7.8.7

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapour,  
Soon it vanishes away,

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 3 Joyful crowds His throne surrounding,  
Sing with rapture of His love ;  
Through the heavens its praises sounding  
Filling all the courts above :  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go, and share His people's glory,  
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear ;  
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,  
One that angels love to hear :  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.

TUNE 297 BIRMINGHAM.

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **W**HAT, though my frail eyelids refuse  
Continual watching to keep,  
And punctual as midnight renews,  
Demand the refreshment of sleep :  
A Sovereign Protector I have,  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend,  
To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;

ward the elect of heaven

worship no interval knows,  
or fervour is still on the wing !  
While they protect my repose,  
they chant to the praise of my King :  
So, at the season assign'd,  
their chorus for ever shall join ;  
and praise and adore without end,  
their faithful Creator, and mine.

298 BRIDGWATER.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8

Christ our Saviour

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE 299

BOW.

8.8.8.8.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to His throne.
- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love!  
Whom not having seen, I adore ;  
Whose name is exalted above,  
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Break off, then, these bonds that detain  
My soul from her portion in Thee ;  
O strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,  
When array'd in Thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline,
- 5 Oh then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me Thy brightness be pour'd ;  
I shall meet Him, whom absent I love,  
I shall see, whom unseen I adore.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,  
And trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose!

Shall see me certainly free,  
Will strengthen and rivet the  
Which binds me, my Saviour,

TUNE 300 BRECON.

- 1 **O** HOW good the hallow'd rest,  
O how sweet the pure comest  
Of the family of God!  
When in peace together dwell  
Kindred love each bosom swell  
This is pleasure's blest abode
- 2 Rich the sweetness, far transcending  
All the costly spices blending

Now the streams of peace  
Israel's wants and woes redre  
There the Lord commands th  
Everlasting life above.

VOLUME 301 LEICESTER

8.7.8.

**H**ARK! ten thousand thous  
Sing the song of Jubilee;  
Earth, though all her tribes rej  
Broke her long captivity!  
Hail, Emmanuel! Great Delive  
Hail, Emmanuel! praise to Th  
Now the theme is...

Joins the chorus of —

Then, in loftier, sweeter numbers,

We shall sing Emmanuel's praise

Freed from all that now encumber

Nobler songs our voices raise.

Hail, Emmanuel! Great Deliverer

Live for ever, in our lays!

While our crowns of glory cast;

At His feet in rapture lost,

We, in anthems everlasting,

Mingle with the angelic host.

! But, till that great consummation

That bright Sabbath of mankind

Till each distant tribe and nation

Taste the bliss by God design

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

“Israel’s hope,” and “Earth’s desire,”

Now triumphant and renown’d :

Hail, Messiah ! reign for ever !

Heaven to earth reflects the sound ;

Heaven and earth, with all their regions,

At His footstool prostrate fall ;

Heaven and earth, with all their legions,

Crown Emmanuel, Lord of all !

TUNE 302 TRANSFIGURATION  
HYMN.

8.8.12.8.8.8.11.9.

- 1 IT is good for us to be here,  
And fain would Thy servant remain,  
On the spot where such glorified spirits  
And visit these regions again. [appear,  
Oh ! Master beloved, let us build,  
For Moses, Elias, and Thee,—  
Thus spake the disciple, with ecstasy fill’d,  
The transfigured Redeemer to see.
- 2 But scarce had he spoken, when, lo !  
A bright cloud around them was spread,  
And terror succeeded to rapture ; and oh !  
Elias and Moses are fled.  
But Jesus, his Master, remains,  
Companion and Friend as before,  
No privation or loss the disciple sustains,  
Though the transfiguration is o’er.



HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

- 3 And thus it is oft-times with me ;  
I seem in a rapture awhile,  
And my spirit in ecstasy pants to be free  
From scenes of pollution and toil.  
I sit at the banquet of love,  
I lean on Immanuel's breast,  
And fain would I linger and never remove,  
But stay as a privileged guest.
- 4 But quickly these raptures subside,  
These visions no longer I view ;  
And the spirit must still in its prison abide,  
And the pilgrim his journey pursue ;  
Yet still the Redeemer is near,  
My Faithful Companion and Friend ;  
Then I never will yield to dejection and fear,  
But hope and endure to the end.

TUNE **303** MALDEN. 8.7.8.7.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death !  
Rise on us, Thyself revealing,  
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, of life and light Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise ;  
Scatter all the night of nature,  
Pour the day upon our eyes.
- 3 *Still we wait for Thine appearing ;  
Life and joy thy beams impart,*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every meek and contrite heart.

- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Every burden'd soul release ;  
By the shining of Thy Spirit,  
Guide unto Thy perfect peace.

TUNE 304 TINTERN ABBEY. 8.7.4.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the cloudy, fiery pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee,

HYMNS FOR THE TUNES

TUNE 305 MALVERN. 8.7.4.

- 1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!  
It is finish'd!  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
It is finish'd!  
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law!  
Finish'd, all that God had promised,  
Death and hell, no more shall awe:  
It is finish'd!  
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name!  
Hallelujah!  
*Glory to the bleeding Lamb!*

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

TUNE **306** PEMBROKE DOCK.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 **J**ESUS, who died the world to save,  
Revives and rises from the grave,  
By His almighty power :  
From sin and death He sets us free,  
He captive leads captivity,  
He lives to die no more.
- 2 Children of God, look up and see,  
Your Saviour clothed with majesty,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb :  
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,  
In heaven your mansions He prepares,  
And soon will take you home.
- 3 His church is still His joy and crown,  
He looks with love and pity down  
On her He did redeem :  
Each member of His church He knows,  
He shares their joys and feels their woes,  
And they shall reign with Him.

TUNE **307** MOORFIELD PLACE.

9.9.9.9.10.10.

- 1 **T**O prayer! to prayer! for the morn-  
ing breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;

To prayer! for the glorious su  
And the gathering darkness  
comes on,

Like a curtain from Heaven's  
To shade the couch where Hi  
repose.

Then kneel while the watching  
And give the last thought to the  
of night.

To prayer! for the day that  
blest

Comes tranquilly on with its  
It speaks of creation's early b  
It speaks of the Prince who

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Supplication on us pour,  
Let us now kneel at the ooor,  
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 'Neath Thy wing let us have place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace,  
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

TUNE 309 HAVERFORDWEST.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noonday walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

3 Though in the night,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid  
 And guide me through the dreadful

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile  
 The barren wilderness shall smile  
 With sudden greens, and herbage  
 And streams shall murmur all around

TUNE 310 TREDEGAR.

Let their voices

IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

In Britain is Jehovah known :  
Our worship shall no more be paid  
To gods which mortal hands have made ;  
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, He built the sky,  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns complete in glory there :  
His beams are majesty and light :  
His beauties, how divinely bright !  
His temple, how divinely fair !

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour ;  
When earth shall feel His saving power,  
And barbarous nations fear His name ;  
Then shall the race of man confess  
The beauty of His holiness,  
And in His courts His grace proclaim.



acknowledge | Thee to be one

Ver. 2.

All the | earth doth worship

The | Father ever-

Ver. 3.

To Thee all | Angels cry a-  
e heav'ns and | all the pow'rs there.

Ver. 4.

To | Thee cherubin and  
Con- | tinually do

Ver. 5. THE TRISAGION HYMN, OR SANC

| Holy, Holy,

# IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Ver. 8.

The goodly		fellowship of the		prophets
Praise		- - - -		Thee.

Ver. 9.

The		noble army of		martyrs
Praise		- - - -		Thee ;

Ver. 10. THE CONFESSION OF BELIEF IN THE HOLY,  
BLESSED, AND GLORIOUS TRINITY.

The holy	{	church throughout	}	world
		all the		
Doth		acknowledge		Thee,

Ver. 11.

The		Fa-		ther
Of an		infinite		majesty ;

Ver. 12.

Thine		honourable		true,
And		only		Son ;

Ver. 13.

Also the		Holy		Ghost
The		Comfort-		er.

Ver. 14. DOXOLOGY TO THE SON.

Thou art the	{	glory, O		Christ.
King of	}			
Thou		art the King of		glory.

Thou } on Thee to  
 t up- }  
 otab- | hor the Virgin's | wom

Ver. 17.

Thou } overcome the sharp- } deat  
 t } ness of }  
 open } heaven to all be- | liev  
 om of }

Ver. 18.

statthe | right hand of | G  
 In the | glory of the | F

Ver. 19. THE SECOND ADVENT.

lieve that Thou shalt | c  
 | J

# IN THE HALLELUJAH, PART 3.

Ver. 22.

O	Lord save Thy	people,
And	bless Thine	heritage

Ver. 23.

Go-	vern	them
And	lift them up for	ever.

Ver. 24.

Day	by	day
We	magni-	fy Thee,

Ver. 25.

And we	worship Thy	name,
Ever	world without	end.

Ver. 26. THE PRAYER FOR PURITY.—*Slow.*

Vouch-	safe, O	Lord,
To keep us	this day without	sin.

Ver. 27.

O	Lord, have mercy up-	on us,
Have	mercy up-	on us.

Ver. 28. THE PRAYER FOR CONTINUED GRACE.—*Moderate*

O Lord, let Thy	mercy lighten up-	on us,
As our	trust is in	Thee.

Ver. 29.

O	Lord, in Thee have I	trusted,
Let me	never be con-	founde
Amen	A-	men

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\* This mark indicates that the name given is not that of the Author of the Hymn, but of the Collection in which the Hymn is found.

† This mark is used in cases where only the first verse of the Hymn was in possession of the Editor, and it indicates that the name given is that of the Author of the additional verses.

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Wheresoever two or .....	Conc
While here I sit .....	Cam
	Mon







